

THE RATTLE



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The Travellers' Club, The East India United Service Club,
and others.

The Wines and Spirits are in every instance identically the same as supplied by us to London Clubs and leading customers in England, and are merely a small selection from our stocks.

A LIST (Published by Permission) of a few amongst those from whom HATCH & CO. have had the honour of receiving Orders.

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	Viscount Knutsford.		

AGENTS IN CHINA:

ILBERT & CO.

THE RATTLE

Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw—*Pope.*

Vol. II]

SHANGHAI, MARCH 1901

[No. 3

EN PASSANT.



"Well, I'm..... cangued !!!"

the sea as ever came out of it; let the Light Horse be content with their last shuffle of officers; old units maintain their old efficiency and new ones shew their grit. So shall the merry Maloo's Saturday splendour be shorn in no whit of its bygone glories, and the weekly spread of soldiery be thicker than ever down the middle of the Bund.

It has been said, with what degree of truth we know not, that the arch-organiser and solid soldier,

in whose ward is Britannia's latest experiment in moulding Asiatics to her needs and their own advantages, has issued an Edict throughout the length and breadth of Wei-hai-wei that pidjin English shall not be spoke. If this be so, 'twere time we heard the China Ass begin his wonted bray, and this time the great heart of the people would beat in sympathy. No, such an æsthetic blunder would never have been sanctioned, 'twould have been vetoed from Peking, or from Wales where they have a society to look after such things. We would however much prefer to hear you say you're *innocent, mon colonel.*

What a field for the display of diplomatic acumen has China become. What a hunting-ground for the attaché in search of a career. The army waits impatiently and wonders what it was brought here for, the missionary chafes at his enforced stay in civilization and out of sheer *ennui* pokes his prying finger into his neighbour's pie; and all the while ministers interchange notes at polite intervals, the terms of which are rejected by the bulk of "my dear colleagues," each of whom in turn puts his own little notions forward and so the trivial round goes on.

The saying about imitation and flattery has come home to us very forcibly since the issue of the last number of THE RATTLE. One of our contemporaries has tried the plan of standing down for a time with a view doubtless to an enormous increase of circulation after

resurrection, and we trust that success, in their case also, has attended the effort. The coy manner in which the first number after the lull just dropped in as usual as though nothing had happened was a rare move; no petulant allusion to rebellious printers, no apology for an editor's toot, no reference even to the yarn about the keys, not even a "Here we are again" in the spirit of Punchinello, but a quiet and dignified resumption of duty as though, forsooth, there'd been a week of Sundays in the meanwhile. A skilful interlude. Delicious innocence. Make it a month next time.

* * * * *

Hongkong Race Week, second only in importance in the eyes of a Shanghai sportsman to his own, is at hand. A sprinkling of the leisured few, owners and riders, make the usual pilgrimage as aforetime and are "full of wise saws and modern instances" when our own Spring meeting follows a month or two later. The Australian sub is the new feature. How will he turn out? Will this climate suit him better than that? Or is the told-you-so brigade to triumph? These are some of the conundrums which the trip to Hongkong will help to solve. Another attraction is the renewal of the Set-Desert King duel and, with all the Colony huzzaying for him, the monarch of the wilderness should surely turn the tables on the monosyllabic brat who wrestled so successfully with him in the autumn. There be wags however who assert that Baluchi will beat them both.

* * * * *

Touching the prospects of a good meeting in May,—Amphion, Loyalty, The Dealer, Touch-me-not, Igel, and then the tale is told, the rest are rotten. Of griffins Referee and Shell-me-not from last year are worth considering and this year there is not a sign of one. Rumours of a mob in Newchwang help to while away the time in the coffee room but don't get us any forrader, and, what is worse, the dearth is not confined to ponies but seems to have affected the crop of jockeys too; the cry for new blood is as loud on the course as—elsewhere. Of the old gang there are signs of adiposity among two or three and 'tis wi' deeficulty they worry down to 10.12.

Here where the world is quiet,
And men have simple views,
Munching for daily diet
The dusty *Daily News*;
We long for nothing better
Than dryer days or wetter,
Nor chafe against a fetter
We should not care to lose.

We cultivate digestions,
And chew the pensive straw,
Leaving vexatious questions
To men of stronger jaw;
Shengko and varied prices,
Foreshores and summer ices,
Consuls and bearded "Vices,"
And Court-of-Consuls law.

No use for one that rouses
The world to mend its ways,
But blameless heads of houses,
Dim sparks of other days,
Who find it keenest pleasure,
In hours of busy leisure,
To wag their heads and measure
To old things ancient praise.

They face the weekly meeting,
They make the tale of bricks,
Knowing their life but fleeting,
Their payment only kicks;
Till like a cheque post-dated
Of payment long belated
At length the new created
Council is really born.

Yet though one vow to do it
He may not well attain
To frown at things with Hewett
Or smile at things with Bayne;
Though one declaims or poses
Before our very noses
What time the ballot closes
In the end he does not gain.

From too much love of fussing,
From hope and fear set free,
We choose without discussing
The happy three times three;
If Councils lived for ever
We might perhaps endeavour
To pick them merely clever
Like B. or else like B.



CELEBRITIES OF THE TURF.

No. VIII.—Mr. DIETRICH.

The near approach of the spring training and the recently held general meeting of the Shanghai Race Club have prompted THE RATTLE to continue its series of "Celebrities of the Turf."

What more fitting subject, then, could possibly be chosen than that which our artist has endeavoured to portray in the present number.

Mr. Dietrich arrived in Shanghai in 1895 and started riding in the following year. Since then, by dint of much hard work and perseverance, with the assistance of plenty of pluck wrapped up in a very small body, he has succeeded in raising himself to a prominent position among our gentlemen riders.

On account of the smallness of his stature, and because, at one period of his career, he was possessed

of a style entirely his own, his friends gave him the soubriquet of Tod Sloan—but we are not allowed to call him by this name any more!

The first race which Mr. Dietrich won was the Jockey Cup in the spring of 1898, on Chessy, a pony with whom his name has been closely associated ever since. Of his other winning mounts he looks back with the greatest satisfaction on Fraser, Balder, and that very fine steeplechaser Uncas, winner of three "Grand Nationals" in succession besides other races and paper hunts.

Being of a modest disposition it follows that his wins are always popular, and his pleasing smile and graceful bow as he is led triumphant past the Grand Stand have rarely been equalled and certainly never surpassed.

He is a good-natured fellow and he has promised not to shoot the artist.

"THERE'S (H)AIR!!!"



O O M

AS WE USED TO KNOW HIM.

AS WE HAVE TO KNOW HIM NOW

(according to the latest Picture Papers).

WHAT WE WANT IN THE TREATY.

That Chinese girls unbind their feet,
And Foreign girls unlace their stays,
So more like sisters shall they meet
And understand each others ways.

That evening dresses cover more
And less of nature's charms display.
The modest Amah, puzzled sore,
Regards our costumes with dismay.

That missionaries be left to preach
The Gospel and advance the kirk,
But do not undertake to teach
The local Mandarin his work.

That China drops the Likin pest,
That Merchants study honesty,
And cease to use false manifest
And invoice cooked for Customs fee.

That anti-opium cranks shall strive
To cure the Londoner of gin
That poppy-fields shall cease to thrive
When all the world is free from sin.

That agents of the Press who lie
In papers Western or Chinese,
Be speedily condemned to die,
'Til truth shall travel o'er the seas.

That Mandarins shall come to see
The beauties of eternal peace,
By noting how the Powers agree
And international bickerings cease.

S. V. C.

[The Volunteer training will shortly be upon us. We accordingly append here a few Mems. for our Defenders.]

When in a ricksha you pass an officer and are in doubt what to do, consult your "Red-book." If it is not in your pocket, look the other way.

If the time of the Parade is not given on the Order, to ensure punctuality, go to the usual place on the Bund at 6 a.m. and wait there till the Adjutant arrives.

If you are at the head of your battalion at inspection and your pony is restless, try to look unconcerned and whistle "Home, Sweet Home" to him, beating time on his stomach with your scabbard.

In case your rear rank man is likely to obey the Order "Charge bayonets" it is as well to go to parade with a padded seat.

Never grumble if you are kept waiting in the cold while the C.O. is discussing with the Adjutant the colour of your bootlaces. It is one of the privileges of a soldier to look cheerful under all circumstances.

On the caution "Present Arms" take one pace to the right with the left foot and three paces to the front with both feet simultaneously and lay your rifle, barrel outwards, before your C.O. It is an act of devotion which is much appreciated.

Remember that the definition of "tactics" is "The arts employed by a private for evading drills."

If your tunic doesn't fit, consult the cutter-out, whose military experience bears a world-wide reputation.

If the order "Charge Magazines" is followed by that of "Examine Arms," look down the muzzle of your neighbour's rifle and take care that he pulls the trigger before he closes the cut-off.

If you are a sergeant, always choose nights for section drills when the Recreation Ground is a foot deep in water. The proverbial hardness of the British soldier must be maintained even in the Far East.

If ordered to fall out to tighten your belt, emphatically decline to do so, and argue the matter from a hygienic point of view, illustrating your case with examples from "Taylor on Diseases of the Oesophagus." It is better to disobey orders than to impair the digestion.

If at Sikh Drill and the men are on the giggle, appeal to the Major Commanding, as he knows the proper language. If he declines to take action, write to the Papers.

If you have forgotten your number and the order is "Form Fours," come to the slope, fall out and count the files. You will find the binomial theorem a useful adjunct.

Should you have no boots, wear brown leather shoes and red socks, as vermilion is a lucky colour with the Chinese. Your Section Commander may object and call your turn-out a bootless one. However, tell him to masticate his forage cap.

Should you have to go into action, take one glance at the Municipal Council colours. If they don't inspire you, sing "Happy Band of Pilgrims" to the tune of "Phyllis is my only joy" and repeat the Multiplication Table backwards.

Should you still feel unnerved, go to your C.O. and tell him to advise the City Fathers to come to terms, using the argument that precious Celestial lives should not be thrown away.

We are credibly informed that the medal to be issued to the British Volunteers is to be struck as follows:—

Face.—The head of an Englishman in profile wearing a top hat and eye-glass and a blossom of Consilium Municipale var: officinale in his button-hole.

Underneath "Fortiter in modo, suaviter in re."

Obverse.—Two Volunteer reserve privates in uniform smoking with glasses in their hands. In the background the Club Bar and attendants behind. Above "Shanghai, 1900-1901."

This medal, according to the Orders, is to be worn on the left breast and opposite to the 7th button of the tunic and between the Long Service and Jubilee medals.

CHITTERLINGS.

I heard a greedy boaster say aloud

"There is no food whereon I have not chowed,"

I questioned him of Chitterlings, and, lo,

He hid his face, and mingled with the crowd.

O. K.

KICKS.

If you asked me why I kicked so high
 I'd say "Because one shows
 Plenty of grace and a cloud of lace
 And a length or more of hose."
 But what's the use of any excuse—
 If a girl has lots of go,
 And is pretty and slim, and straight of limb,
 She'll kick just so!



Have you seen the way the *bon Français*
 Will settle a small affair
 When his *chère amie* has been too free
 With his rivals Jacques or Pierre?
 He lays them flat with a knock like that,
 For its quite quite the thing, you know,
 For the French *élite* to use their feet,
 And kick just so!



With the animals too its just as true
 That they love to use their heels;
 And one must deplore that they don't think more
 Of what the neighbour feels.
 For this is how the milking cow
 Lets out a useful blow;
 And the maid comes down and bumps her crown,
 And kicks just so!



Now this is the trick, the particular kick
 Of the battery mule of song;
 And woe betide if your head's inside
 His range, for you don't live long!
 His legs are stout, and he reaches out,
 As results will often show,
 For you drop on your back like a half-filled sack,
 And kick just so!



FROM THE RATTLEMAN.

LONDON,

7th December 1900.

Very few have realized the enormous changes that the L.C.C. has accomplished in pulling down and sweeping up our houses and streets.

They are pulling down the Strand and Fleet Street, in order to gain a bolder view of St. Paul's Cathedral, and for the abolition of an effete Press.

But more than these is the passing away of Holywell Street, with its store of antique literature, mediæval art and works on Christian and all knowledge. No more will the ancient cleric worry through the book boxes, no more the enthusiastic youth gather from its miscellaneous stock the beginning of a life's experience.

Dances are now in full swing, so I am told, but after several years of breaking the furniture and fixings of the harmless and necessary dance-giver, she makes a slanting stroke with her dainty blue pencil right through one's name. I am not, therefore, in a position to give first-hand information. But the select Subscription Balls are flourishing—washed down with barley water, Cherry toothpaste, sandwiches, green cutlets and pink jellies—as ever. How any self- and partner-respecting man can dance Kitchen Lancers—why are they tolerated? Tut! Tut! Has the eye of the chaperone been affected by the wall she sits against? A very few young things look charming with everything coming down. The vast majority do not. In fact they look—well, “odd.” No matter, we are to have new dances in all the very best tied houses. “The Baden Powell, Chase me girls”—“The Buller Bolero” and “The Mafeking Make-it-lively.” All are of the free and easy, “abandon hope all ye” style, and if they don't sicken the dancing world it will be because it has trained on sweet Champagne and Bunny Polkas.

At many private dances there is smoking while you dance,—an excellent feature. The men smoke pipes and cigars and the ladies chew cigarettes.

I have been trying to interview a General for “THE RATTLE,” but the crowd and the police were so dense that I had to bring up under the lee of a cat's-meat merchant who was conversing on the General and the War with a tall young man in a collar.

“E's the grittest genral in the bloomin' awmy, ain't 'e?” “Well, I should hardly say he was absolutely——” “Well, any'aw 'es copped Mr. bloomin' Krewjer and mide 'im prisoner.” “I assure you you are absolutely misinformed as to——” “Well, ow abart Lydysmith and the bloomin' 'orse sorseges wot the bloomin' War Office served art?” “Excuse me, the War Office are absolutely blameless in that matter.” “Yuss, and 'oos to blime fer the bloomin' guns wot wouldn't go orf?” “In discussing the question of guns it is absolutely essential——” “Ere! wot did 'e want the Nivy to 'elp im fer?” “And it has been absolutely proved on the best authority——” “Oh gar'n with yer authority; did

'is missis give 'im authority to tike art a French bloomin' cook wiv im?” “So that the advance in close order is absolutely obsolete——” “And they sy as 'e'was settin' in his bloomin' tent wiv the French cook on his bloomin' knee when——” “My original contention, that with a line of attack ten or more miles——” “Gorlummy! Cheese it cocky, 'Ow's a bloomin' Genral to mike isself 'eard ten mile. Rats to you, sir.” “You hopelessly abject, cats-meating, absolutely bloomin' little rotter.” “Ere, tike yer absolutely bloomin' fice ome, and scrub it.” [*Enter Policeman.*]—“Move on 'ere, move on.” [*Exit the Cat Butcher, the man with the enclosed neck, and*

THE RATTLEMAN.]

A BALLADE OF BOKE.

My pulses beat at freedom's call;
Yours was the voice that first awoke,
Within the bosom of a thrall,
An animated heart of oak!
I never much desired to choke
A living man until you came—
You're such a stimulating bloke;
How ought we to pronounce your name?

I read your posters on the wall,
Echoed the ringing words you spoke,
And cared but little, if at all,
Whether your name was Beck or Boke.
I tasted of the battle-smoke,
I shouted Bock—perhaps a shame—
Or Buck, not always as a joke:
How ought we to pronounce your name?

You would not cast your lot with Ball;
That would have been a master stroke,
Thus linked to bring about the fall
Of Quackenbush, the Council's moke!
Alas, for slaves who hug their yoke!
A worm 's a worm; but all the same
Be frank with us admiring folk—
How ought we to pronounce your name?

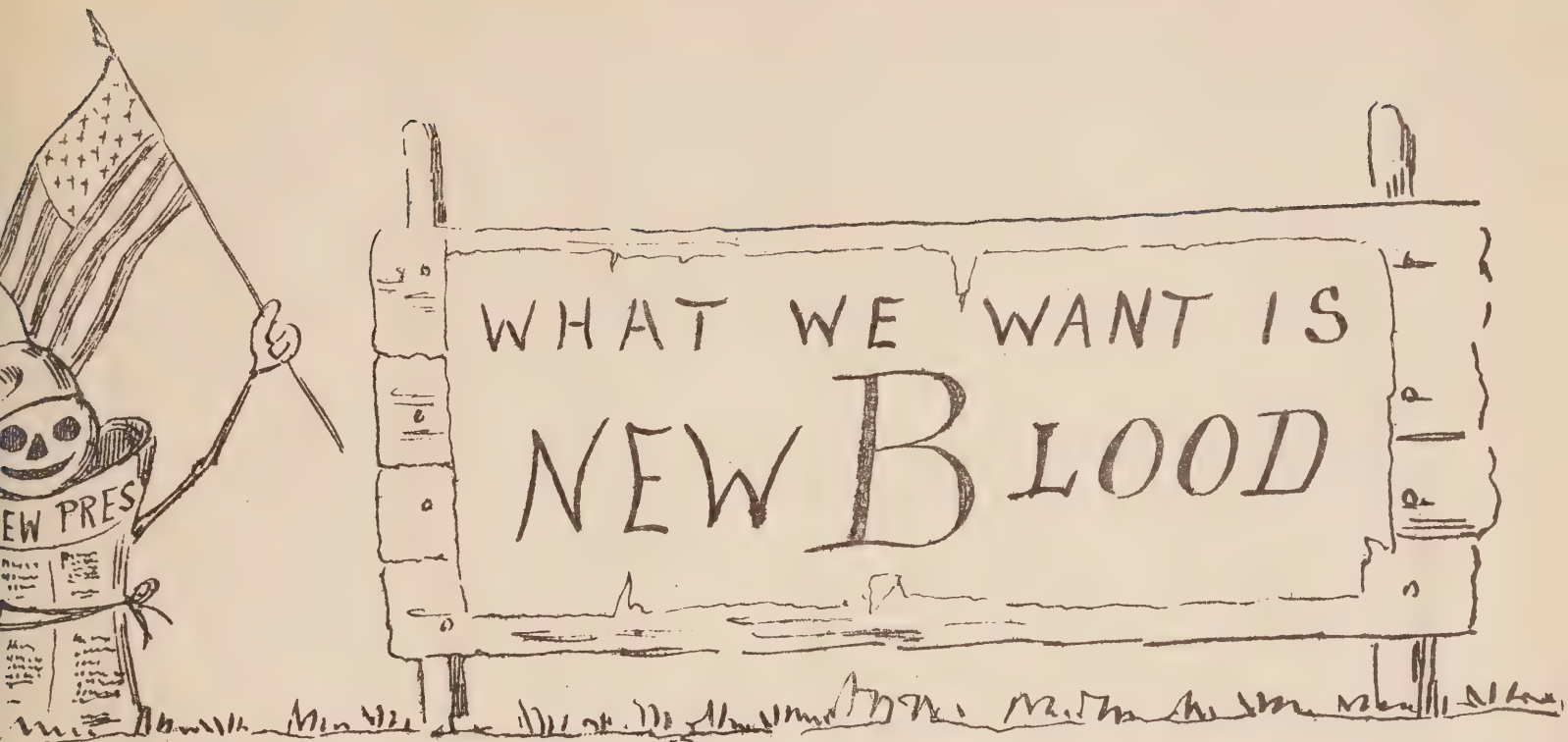
ENVOY.

Do not harangue—Do not invoke—
Be not too pushful—Play the game—
These are the simple rules you broke!
How ought we to pronounce your name?



A.H.

Never too proud to take a hint, our City Fathers propose in future



A FRAGMENT OF MARCO POLO.

Now I would have you to know that in the City of Sung Hae Hae there is a wonderful thing called the "Custom of the port" which guides the people in marvellous wise. For when we arrived from Chipangu in the ship it was very dark, and straightway at the Jetty a great babel of voices arose with none to control them. Men rushed hither and thither, and the natives assailed us with fierce cries making as though they would take our goods from us. Yet none said them nay. Then unquenchable anger arose within me and I cried "How can these things befall those who arrive at a great city." But one near me said "Trouble not, it is the custom of the port." Whereat I pondered seeing that a custom should be of great power to make men endure such woe in patience. And the longer that I abode in Sung Hae the more did I wonder. For some chariots are driven through the city much faster than all others and to the great danger of men, so that I asked "Who are these men; surely they are the rich and wise, the rulers, who make haste to preserve the state?" But one replied that they were prudent men called brokers, rich though none adjudged them wise, and that custom permitted them so to do. Now there are other things done by the same custom too numerous to tell, but some I will tell. For they have two kinds of money called "Meks" and "Tales," and he that goeth to buy is perplexed, for he knoweth not in which sort payment will be demanded, so that he often buyeth in "Meks" and behold the "count" cometh in "Tales." And when they play a game of chance there they do not pay money as in the cities of the West, but only a paper called a "Xit," so that I marvelled at the foolishness of those that were content therewith. But whether the "Xit" is afterwards exchanged for money, not knowing, I prefer not to say, for the inhabitants themselves are doubtful concerning these same "Xits." Verily an evil custom and a parlous one. And there are also other papers distributed every day called newspapers, albeit there is but little that is "new" within them, so that in the reading there is weariness of spirit. For three parts thereof concern the goods of others which they would sell but cannot. Now these are called A. D. V. T. S. The reason of this spelling I could not learn, but one told me that those who own the papers put them in free of cost by reason of their goodwill towards the destitute. Of the truth of this I know not, but I do know that those who write the papers are full of goodwill towards all mankind. For they never cease to tell other people how best they can manage their own affairs. Yet no man heedeth. A strange and

grievous thing as it seems to me. Now in that city there are many houses but they have no names, and he that would trust the numbers thereof must be sore stricken in folly, so that a stranger fares badly, for each citizen judges that himself and his house are well known to all men.

And when they dance there is a curious custom. For one bade me to his house to meet his friends and tread a measure with them. But lo! when I arrived he cried "Alas all the maidens have 'booked' their dances before they came, and you cannot dance." And I drew him aside and said "Surely, my friend, they do you thereby scant courtesy in that they should be free to wait on the wishes of their host?" But he replied "Not so, it is the custom of the port."

Likewise at Sung Hae they have long banquets at noon so that men may sleep afterwards and not work. But although the Custom there liked me not in many ways, yet do the wise men follow it. For two men strove at law long and mightily and the aged men of the City testified for the space of two days. And after many days that the Judge pronounced for him that had followed the custom; whereat there was great rejoicing. And now I will tell you how I myself came to have great respect for the custom of that port which I had before despised.

For I went to a banquet and drank red and white wines. And at the last came a red wine, clear and luscious, and I drank thereof. But lo as I drank, I was stricken with a sore malady, my head swam and my eyes were dim, so that my friends did carry me to my couch. And in the morning I cried in my woe for a physician, for I marvelled whence this strange illness had come upon me. But my friends said "Trouble not the physician, it is the custom of the port and it cometh from Kalbek."

Now I have told you how I learned to respect that same custom. Of a truth he fares ill in that city who respecteth it not.

TO A HIGH OFFICIAL.

*Upon the occasion of his exit from the Cathedral,
February 2nd, 1901.*

At first, I think, we hardly guessed

The motive for your laugh; but soon

We saw the Cross upon your breast

Which honours every low buffoon.



Poor old Jack Heftyman only played hockey with the ladies once, and we distinctly remember his telling us afterwards that these mixed games are absolute rot.



SHANGHAI PAPER HUNT — XMAS 1800.

[From an old print.]

THAT HEN.

He shot ! I shot ! we missed. And then
Not having harmed a single feather
We fired against that hapless hen
Left barrels, both of us together.

The bird was dead, perfectly dead
And no mistake at all about it ;
A pheasant which has lost its head
Can't very well exist without it.

Aye ! dead-she was ! I would not speak
Without at least sufficient ground ;
The corpse was missing : but the beak,
The liver, and a claw were found.

So thereupon I thought it best
That I should utterly disclaim
My undivided interest
In these accessories of game.

But Juggins would not have it so—

A man whose modesty was such
As never let him take, I know,
Either too little or too much.

He did not say, as others might,
"Yours is the glory, yours the gain!"
He simply said "I think it right
That both should share since both have slain."

And often when the year is new,
And friendship circulates the bowl,
And I become a martyr to
My geniality of soul,

I wonder while I closely scan
The placid features of the beak
And hear his worship say "My man,
It's 50 dollars or a week"—

I say I wonder how I came,
With my experience of law,
To choose the beak (abhorred name!)
And not the liver or the claw.

OLD ENGLISH AIR.

"Keep your 'air on."

Come, Shanghai men, get rid of your pen
And away to the Race Course hie,
Let every man get a game if he can
While the Major is standing by;
The army shall play the fleet
And at hockey and footer meet,
And trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it,
Trip it up and down,
Trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it,
Trip it up and down.

Then after a week he thought it was cheek
To play hockey on the Course,
He swore "till all's blue" at footer too
And jawed himself fairly hoarse:
So hockey is played no more
And socker is voted a bore,
And only golfers can trip it, trip it,
Trip it up and down,
And only golfers can trip it, trip it,
Trip it up and down.

Chorus ad lib.



THE LATEST SONG AT THE LATEST "GAFF."

"Yuss,—we're on the way, the Wei hai Wei!!!"



Anybody see where that went ?

The Pri-mer of O-ri-en-tal An-thro-pol-o-gy.



No. II.—The Bro-ker Man.

*See, chil-dren the poor Bro-ker Man,
Of trade's wild strug-gle he's the van.
He drives like Je-hu and he flies
From Hong to Hong as rates may rise,
Beards the fierce Tai-pan in his den,
Screams "Eighth up!" and is off again.
It is not safe for life or limb
To cross the Bund in front of him.
At high noon al-ways you can find
Him and the o-thers of his kind*

*En-gaged in dredg-ing the Club Bar;
From cock-tails his nest fea-thers are.
If you should set up for your-self
When you grow up, my pret-ty elf,
From Bro-ker Men you'd have no rest
And by each one you'd be im-pressed,
How, since you thrashed him when a boy,
'Tis now your du-ty to em-ploy.
"Each for himself, catch as catch can,"
You learn from the poor Bro-ker Man.*

THE ANANIAS MICROBE.

[During the last two years the output of lies from Cape Town has probably exceeded anything that has ever been achieved elsewhere in the history of civilization—with the possible exception of Shanghai during the Chinese crisis,—“*Truth*.”]

There's something very subtle in the noble art of Spoof
As well as in a whisky that is forty over proof,
But a more insidious something has been clearly proved to lie
In the strange and potent atmosphere that hovers o'er Shanghai.

'Tis not the gentle fragrance that is wafted down the street
From shops whereto the coolies throng to munch their mid-day meat;
'Tis not the inky darkness that the passing tug sends forth
In copious cloud to stir the soul of Club and Bund to wrath.

This Something is invisible, at least to naked eyes,
The keenest scent can ne'er detect how, when or where it lies;
Yet, though it is not smelled or seen, our doctor friends have claimed
In the interests of Science that the Something must be named.

So following the fashion they have all agreed to find
The Thing has a bacillus of a most elusive kind;
They've dealt with it at length in recent columns of the *Times*
As “The Ananias Microbe and its Spread in Foreign Climes.”

It makes its victims deviate from the strait paths of truth,
They boast of feats accomplished in the palmy days of youth,
Those giant fish, those record bags with rifle and with gun,
The ponies they have raced with and the trophies they have won.

Its ravages are limitless, extending wide and far,
It storms the Clubs and permeates both smoking-room and bar,
It penetrates the boudoirs and ('twas whispered so to me)
Assumes a most malignant form when ladies meet for tea.

Is any scandal started with “Of course you mustn't tell”
And carefully repeated from Hongkew to Bubbling Well?
On you will ne'er be laid the whole responsibility;
—The Ananias Microbe bears the burden of the lie.

Is any telegram despatched to anxious London town
Saying “The Yangtsze Valley's ‘up’ and Boxers coming down?”
'Tis not to correspondents that for reasons we must look,
But the Ananias Microbe which we ought to bring to book.

Must we, then, all resign ourselves to patiently endure
This noxious little germ's attacks? Can there be found *no* cure,
No antidote by which we may our systems fortify
Against this fell bacillus which compels us all to lie?

There is, we fear, no remedy—but some men recommend
The Milk of Human Kindness (if you get the proper blend,
“Western Civilization Brand”), though we, more drastic, say
“Cut down your drinks, cut out your tongues and ‘cut’ from Far Cathay.”

A LOGOGRAPH.

Bounteous of figure, portly to behold—
A genial Falstaff of a gentlier wit—
Youngest in humour when the tales are told,
New-born from winking wine-cups, where we sit;
Ever thou'lt flourish, though the gods grow old!

N. B.

The Editors of the “RATTLE” invite contributions of light articles, verse, and sketches. [Humorous rather than sentimental verse preferred, and short articles rather than long.] Sketches should be in pen and ink, to facilitate reproduction, and in clear outline rather than detail work. MSS. and drawings which the Editors are unable to publish will be returned to the sender. The Editors will not be liable, however, for loss or damage.

Anonymous contributions politely ignored.



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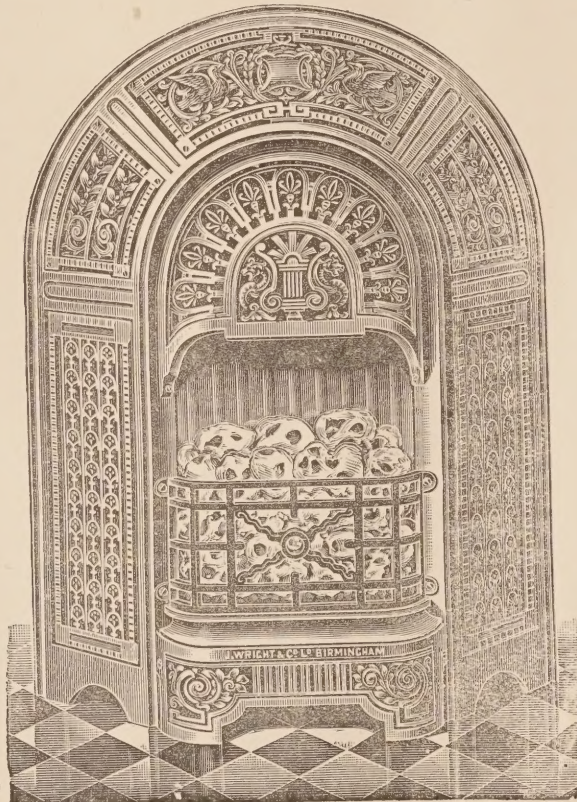
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